

THE
GOLDFINCH:

OR,
VOCAL MISCELLANY
BEING AN
ELEGANT COLLECTION
OF
CHOICE MODERN

S O N G S,

IN WHICH ARE INCLUDED
THE MOST FAVORITE OF THOSE
SUNG AT THE THEATRES,
IN THE
NEW OPERAS,

AT
VAUXHALL, RANELAGH, &c.
THE LAST SEASON:

WITH SUCH GOOD
OLD SONGS,
AS HAVE LONG DELIGHTED, AND
STILL CONTINUE TO PLEASE
THE PUBLIC EAR.

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in St. Paul's Churchyard, and
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1785.



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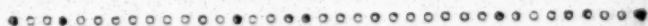


A

NEW COLLECTION

OF

CHOICE SONGS.



SONG I.

VARIETY.

ASK you who is singing here,
Who so blithe can thus appear?
I'm the child of joy and glee,
And my name's Variety.

No'er have I a clouded face,
Swift I change from place to place,
Ever wand'ring, ever free,
Such am I, Variety.

Like a bird that skims the air,
Here and there and ev'ry where,

B

Fin

Sip my pleasures like a bee,
Nothing's like Variety.

Love's sweet passion warms my breast,
Roving love but breaks my rest;
One good Heart's enough for me,
Tho' my name's Variety.

Crouded scenes and lonely grove,
All by turns I can approve;
Follow, follow, follow me,
Friend of life, Variety.

=====

SONG II.

ALL hail to the day that merits more praise
Than all other days in the year;
And bless'd be the night that giveth delight
To the poor Man as well as the peer.
May good fortune attend every honest man's
friend,
That does the best that he may;
Forgetting all wrong in a cup and a song,
We'll drive the cold winter away.

misery pack, and a whip at her back,
down the Tartarian flood;

And

OF CHOICE SONGS. 3

And let envy be drown'd in a river profound,
He that envies another man's good.
May sorrow's expence come a thousand years
hence,
In payments of a long delay.
For we'll spend the whole night in an honest
delight,
Just to *drive the cold winter away.*

The courtiers of state set open their gate,
And bid a free welcome to most,
The city likewise, tho' something precise,
Does not fail for to bring forth a toast.
But by all report, both of city and court,
In the country we bear the sway,
Our money is spent with a better intent
When to *drive the cold winter away.*

Now let each individual shake hands with a
grace ;
May friendship's firm ties ever bind
The honest man's hand, and the honest man's
heart ;
May his temples with olives be twin'd.
From henceforth let knaves be chain'd to deep
graves,
For an honest man will bear the sway,

B ■

His

His Money is spent with a noble intent
 When to drown the fatigues of the day,
 And to drive the cold winter away.

~~~~~

### SONG III,

The Linnets.

AS bringing home, the other day,  
 Two linnets I had ta'en,  
 The little warblers seem'd to pray  
 For liberty again.  
 Unheedful of their plaintive notes,  
 I sung across the mead:  
 In vain they swell'd their downy throats,  
 And flutter'd to be free'd.

As passing thro' the tufted grove  
 Near which my cottage stood,  
 I thought I saw the queen of love.  
 When Clora's charms I view'd.  
 I gaz'd, I lov'd, I press'd her stay,  
 To hear my tender tale;  
 But all in vain, she fled away,  
 Nor could my sighs prevail.

Soon, thro' the wound which love had made,  
 Came pity to my breast,

And



And thus I (as compassion bade)  
 The feather'd pair address'd :  
 Ye pretty warblers ! chearful be,  
 Remember not ye flew ;  
 For I, who thought myself so free,  
 Am far more caught than you.

COOO COOO COOO COOO COOO COOO COOO COOO COOO COOO COOO COOO COOO COOO COOO COOO COOO COOO COOO COOO

## SONG VI.

The Jovial Huntsmen.

**A**WAY to the field, see the morning looks  
 grav,  
 And, sweetly bedappled, forebodes a fine day :  
 The hounds are all eager the sport to embrace,  
 And carol aloud to be led to the chace.

## CHORUS.

Then hark, in the morn, to the call of the horn,  
 And join with the jovial crew,  
 When the season invites, with all its delights,  
 The health-giving chace to pursue.

How charming the sight, when Aurora first  
 dawns,  
 To see the swift beag'les spread over the lawns,  
 To welcome the sun now returning from rest,  
 Their mattins they chant as they merrily quest.  
 Then hark, &c.

But, oh! how each bosom with transport it fills,  
To start, just as Phœbus peeps over the hills;  
While joyous, from valley to valley resounds  
The shouts of the hunters and cry of the  
hounds.

Then hark, &c.

See how the brave hunters, with courage elate,  
Fly hedges or ditches, or top the barr'd gate;  
Borne by their bold coursers, no danger they  
fear,

And give to the winds all vexation and care.

Then hark, &c.

Ye cits, for the chase quit the joys of the town,  
And scorn the dull pleasure of sleeping on down;  
Uncertain your toil, or for honour or wealth;  
Ours still is repaid with contentment and  
health.

Then hark, &c.

=====

## S O N G VII.

A favourite Song.

**A**LAS! when charming Sylvia's gone,  
I sigh, and think myself undone;

But

# OF CHOICE SONGS.

7

But when the lovely nymph is here,  
I'm pleas'd, yet grieve; and hope, yet fear.  
Thoughtless of all but her, I rove,  
Ah! tell me, is not this call'd love?

Ah me! what pow'r can move me so?  
I die with grief, when she must go,  
But I revive at her return;  
I smile, I freeze, I pant, I burn:  
Transports so strong, so sweet, so new,  
Say, can they be to friendship due?

Ah no! 'tis love, 'tis now too plain,  
I feel, I feel the pleasing pain;  
For who e'er saw bright Sylvia's eyes,  
But wish'd, and long'd, and was her prize!  
Gods, if the truest must be bless'd,  
O let her be by me possess'd.

BOOK OF SONGS. THE SECOND BOOK. SONGS OF THE SECOND BOOK. SONGS OF THE SECOND BOOK. SONGS OF THE SECOND BOOK. SONGS OF THE SECOND BOOK.

## SONG VIII.

The Parson.

A *Parson* who had the remarkable foible,  
Of minding the bottle, much more than  
the Bible,  
Was deem'd by his neighbours to be less  
perplex'd  
In handling a tankard than handling a text.  
Derry down, &c.

B 4

Perch'd

4      A   C O L L E C T I O N

Perch'd up in his pulpit, one Sunday, he cry'd,  
Make patience, my dearly beloved, your guide;  
And in your distresses, your troubles and crosses,  
Remember the patience of Job in his losses.

Derry down, &c.

The parson had got a stout cask of strong beer,  
By way of a present—no matter from where—  
Suffice it to know, it was toothsome and good,  
And he lov'd it as well as he did his own blood.

Derry down, &c.

While he the church-service in haste rambl'd  
o'er,

The hogs found a way thro' his old cellar door,  
And by the strong scent to the beer-bärrel led,  
Had knock'd out the spigot, or cock from its  
head.

Derry down, &c.

Out spouted the liquor abroad on the ground,  
The unbidden gueſts quaff'd it merrily round;  
Nor from their diversion and inerriment ceas'd,  
'Till ev'ry hog there was as drunk as a beast.

Derry down, &c.

And now the grave lecture and pray'r's at an  
end,

He brings along with him a neighbouring  
friend,

To

OF CHOICE SONGS. 9

To be a partaker of Sunday's good cheer,  
And taste his delightful October brew'd beer.  
Derry down, &c.

The dinner was ready, the things were laid  
snug,

Here, wife, says the parson, go fetch up a mug;  
But a mug of what he had scarce time to tell her,  
When, yonder, said she, are the hogs in the  
cellar!

Derry down, &c.

To be sure they've got in when we were at  
pray'rs;

To be sure you're a fool, said he, get you  
down stairs,

And bring what I bid you, or see what's the  
matter.

For now I myself hear a grunting and clatter.  
Derry down, &c.

She went; and returning with sorrowful face,  
In suitable phrases related the case:

He rav'd like a madman about in the room,  
And then beat his wife and the hogs with the  
broom.

Derry down, &c.

Lord!

Lord ! husband, said she, what a coil you keep  
here,

About a poor beggarly barrel o' beer ;  
You should "in your troubles, mischances and  
crosses,

Remember the patience of Job in his losses,"

Derry down, &c.

A p—x upon Job ! cry'd the priest in a rage,  
That beer, I dare say, was near ten years or age;  
But you're a poor ignorant jade, like his wife,  
For Job never had such a cask in his life.

Derry down, &c.

Now, neighbour, while at the poor vicar you  
grin,

Your case, let me tell you's not better a pin ;  
With goodness and wisdom—your theory  
back'd is,

But you're, ten to one—knave and fool in  
your practice.

Derry down, &c.

Whoever you are, I'll be sworn you're no  
saint :

Would you mend—then yourself with your  
failings acquaint ;

These

These conquer, and then give advice, if you  
chuse,  
For who'd give you thanks for a thing you  
can't use.  
Derry down, &c.

S O N G IX.

The Gipsy.

AS thro' the green meadow I chanced to pass,  
A gipsy sat under a shade,  
Who told me, she saw by the lines of my face,  
That my doom was to die an old maid.

Her prophecy fill'd me with grief and dismay,  
And pierc'd my poor heart to the quick,  
Because I'd oft heard my grandmother say,  
That gipsies do deal with Old Nick.

For farther advice to the curate I went,  
And told him my case in a fright;  
Says he, pretty maid, be content for a while,  
And I'll alter the case before night.

O then he began with such force and such fire,  
And with arguments so very strong,  
'That, believe me, ye maids, the de'il is a liar;  
And so, there's an end of my song.

S O N G

## SONG X.

Ralph of the Mill.

AS Hebe was tending her sheep 'tother day,  
Where the warblers whistle and sing,  
A rural young swain came tripping that way,  
As brisk and as blithe as a king.  
The youth was a stranger to trouble and care,  
Contentment e'er guided his will;  
Yet ever regarded the smiles of the fair,  
Tho' always bred up in a mill.

Love stole in his breast at the sight of the maid,  
For he could not her charms but adore,  
"And if thou art cruel, dear Hebe," he said,  
"I surely shall love you the more."  
Such tenderness melted her into surprise,  
(For Hebe was never unkind),  
And all of a sudden love glow'd in her eyes,  
Which spoke the dictates of her mind.

They sat themselves down at the foot of a hill,  
And chatted together so free,  
Till Ralph, the young swain, made signs to  
the mill,  
Whilst clasping the nymph on his knee;  
And



OF CHOICE SONGS. 13

And this in a transport the miller reply'd,  
" Thy charms, dearest girl, are divine ;"  
Then press'd her sweet lips, and with rapture  
he cry'd,  
" O Hebe ! consent to be mine !"

She listen'd attentive to all his request,  
And freely comply'd to his will :  
And now, to her solace, she's married and blest  
With honest young Ralph of the Mill.  
Peace follows their footsteps wherever they go,  
In bliss all their hours are spent :  
But, leaders of fashion, I'd have ye to know  
Their " happiness flows from content."

~~~~~

S O N G XI.

Fair Sufannah.

ASK if yon damask rose be sweet
That scents the ambient air ;
Then ask each shepherd that you meet
If dear Sufannah's fair.

Say, will the vulture leave his prey,
And warble thro' the grove ?
Bid wanton lingers quit the spray,
Then doubt thy shepherd's love.

The

The spoils of war let heroes share,
Let pride in splendor shine ;
Ye bards, unenvy'd laurels wear,
Be fair Susannah mine.

SONG XII.

The B E E.

BUSY humble bee am I,
That range the garden funny ;
From flow'r to flow'r I changing fly,
And ev'ry flower's my honey.
Bright Cloe, with her golden hair,
A while my rich jonquil is,
Till, cloy'd with sipping nectar there,
I shift to rosy Phillis. I shift, &c.

But Phillis's sweet opening breast
Remains not long my station,
For Kitty now must be address'd,
My spicy breath'd carnation.
Yet Kitty's fragrant bed I leave,
To other flow'rs I'm rover ;
And all in turns my love receives
The gay wide garden over. The gay, &c.
Variety

Variety that knows no bound
 My roving fancy edges,
 And oft with Flora I am found
 In dalliance under hedges :
 For as I am an arrant bee
 Who range each bank that's sunny,
 Both fields and gardens are my fee,
 And ev'ry flower's my honey.
 And every, &c.

SONG IV.

The Sailor's Return.

BEHOLD, from many a hostile shore,
 And all the dangers of the main,
 Where billows mount, and tempests roar,
 Your faithful Tom returns again ;
 Returns, and with him brings a heart
 That ne'er from Sally shall depart.

After long toils and troubles past,
 How sweet to tread our native soil,
 With conquest to return at last,
 And deck our sweethearts with the spoil !
 No one to beauty should should pretend,
 But such as dare its rights defend.

SONG

SONG V.

BENEATH a beech's grateful shade
 Young Colin lay complaining;
 He sigh'd, and seem'd to love a maid,
 Without hopes of obtaining;
 For thus the swain indulg'd his grief,
 Tho' pity cannot move thee,
 Tho' thy hard heart gives no relief,
 Yet, Peggy I must love thee.

Say, Peggy, what has Colin done
 That thus you cruel use him?
 If love's a fault, 'tis that alone
 For which you should excuse him:
 'Twas thy dear self first rais'd this flame,
 This fire by which I languish;
 'Tis thou alone can quench the same,
 And cool its scorching anguish.

For thee I leave the sportive plain,
 Where every maid invites me.
 For thee, sole cause of all my pain,
 For thee that only slights me;
 This love that fires my faithful heart,
 By all but thee commended,
 Oh! wouldst thou act so good a part,
 My grief might soon be ended.

That

Ther beauteous breast, so soft to feel,
 Seem'd tenderness all over ;
 Yet it defends thy heart like steel
 'Gainst thy despairing lover.
 Alas ! tho' it should ne'er repent,
 Not Colin's care e'er move thee,
 Yet, till life's latest breath is spent,
 My Peggy I must love thee.

SONG XV.

The Season of Love.

BRIGHT Sol is return'd, the winter is o'er,
 His all-cheering beams do nature restore ;
 The cowslip and daisy, the violet and rose,
 Each garden, each orchard, does fragrance
 disclose ;
 The birds cheerful notes are heard in each
 grove,
 All nature confesses the season of love.

The nymphs and the shepherds come trip-
 ping amain,
 All hasten to join in the sports of the plain ;
 Our rural diversions are free from all guile,
 The race that is honest securely can smile :

The heart that's sincere in affection may prove
All nature's mild force in the season of love.

O come then, Philander, with Sylvia away,
Our friends, that expect us, accuse our delay;
Let's haste to the village, the sports to begin;
I'll strive for my shepherd the garland to win.
But see his approach whom my heart does
approve,
Who makes ev'ry hour the season of love.

SONG XVI.

BY the side of a stream, at the foot of a
hill,
I met with young Phebe who lives at the mill;
My heart leap'd with joy at so pleasing a sight,
For Phebe, I vow, is my only delight.

I told her my love, and sat down by her side,
And swore the next morning I'd make her my
bride ;

In anger she said, "Get out of my sight,
And go to your Phillis you met here last night."

Surpriz'd, I replied, Pray explain what you mean.

I never, I vow, with young Phillis was seen.

27.

OF CHOICE SONGS. 12

Nor can I conceive what my Phebe is at
O ! can't you ? she cry'd : well, I love you
for that,

Say, did you not meet her last night on this spot?

O Colin! O Colin! you can't have forgot;
I heard the whole story this morning from Mat;
You still may deny it, I love you for that.

'Tis false, I reply'd, dear Phebe believe,
For Mat is a rover, and means to deceive :
You very well know he has ruin'd young Pat,
And sure my dear charmer must hate him for
that.

Come, come then, she cry'd, if you mean
to be kind,
I'll own 'twas to know the true state of your
mind.

Transported, I kiss'd her, she gave me a pat ;
I made her my wife, and she loves me for that.

SONG XVII.

Sons of Carc.

BY the gayly circling glass
We can see how minutes pass :

By the hollow cask are told,
How the waning night grows old.

Soon, too soon, the busy day,
Drives us from our sports away ;
What have we with day to do ?
Sons of care, 'twas made for you.
Sons of care, &c.

Come, then, fill the chearful glass,
Truth is only found in wine :
Tales of love are all a farce,
But true friendship is divine.
But true friendship, &c.

BOOK BOOK BOOK BOOK BOOK BOOK BOOK BOOK BOOK BOOK BOOK BOOK BOOK BOOK BOOK BOOK

SONG XVIII.

Lament for General Wolfe.

BRITONS loyal and bold,
Who would never be controul'd
By the French. See the bravest of his sex,
British Wolfe, stout and good,
Made the rivers run with blood,
At the glorious conquest of Quebec.

Brave Wolfe was our commander,
Montcalm was their defender,
Their numbers did us sorely dismay ;

But

But brave Wolfe, stout and bold,
 He would never be controul'd,
 And his last dying word was,—Huzza !

Contented I die,
 Since we've gain'd the victory,
 As you tell me the battle is our own ;
 Let my soul depart in peace,
 And the wars for ever cease,
 Since my life for fair Britain is gone.

The Highlanders, in hot blood,
 And sailors, stout and rude,
 Like madmen did dash them away :
 When the French began to run,
 We advanced on their ground ;
 But our grief was for Wolfe—Oh that day !

Then the city it surrender'd,
 The gates straight we enter'd ;
 Our ships in the harbour lay thick.
 We thanked the Most High
 For this signal victory,
 At the glorious conquest of Quebec.

A COLLECTION
SONG XIX.

Shakespeare's Mulberry Tree.

*Sung by David Garrick, Esq; with a cup in his
hand made of the tree.*

BEHOLD this fair goblet, 'twas carv'd
from the tree
Which, O my sweet Shakespeare, was planted
by thee :
As a relic I kiss it, and bow at thy shrine,
What comes from thy hand must be ever
divine !

All shall yield to the Mulberry tree !
Bend to thee,
Blest Mulberry !

Matchless was he that planted thee ;
And thou, like him, immortal shalt be.

Ye trees of the forest, so rampant and high,
Who spread round your branches, whose heads
sweep the sky ;
Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought
here,
To root out the natives, at prices so dear :
All shall yield, &c.

The

OF CHOICE SONGS. 23

The Oak is held royal, is Britain's great boast,
Preserv'd once our King, and will always our
coast :

Of the fir we make ships, there are thousands
that fight,

But one, only one, like our Shakespeare can
write.

All shall yield, &c.

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bowers,
Pomona in fruit trees, and Flora in flowers,
The garden of Shakespeare all fancies will
suit,

With the sweetest of flowers, and the fairest of
fruit.

All shall yield, &c.

With learning and knowledge, the well letter'd
bless'd

Supplies law and physic, and grace for the
church ;

But law and the gospel in Shakespeare we find,
He gives the best physic for body and mind.

All shall yield, &c.

The fame of the Patron gives fame to the tree,
From him and his merits this takes its degree:

Give Phœbus and Bacchus their laurel and
vine,
The tree of our Shakespeare is still more divine,
All shall yield, &c.

As the genius of Shakespeare outshines the
bright day,
More rapture than wine to the heart can
convey ;
So the tree which he planted, by making his
own,
Has the laurel, and bays, and the vine, all in
one.
All shall yield, &c.

Then each take a relic of this hallow'd tree,
From folly and fashion a charm let it be :
Let's fill to the Planter, the cup to the brim ;
To honour your country, do honour to him.
All shall yield, &c.

S O N G XX.

Thonock Grove.

BY Thonock Grove oft let me walk,
While circled in my arms,

I hear

I hear my Nelly sweetly talk,
 And gaze o'er all her charms,
 O let me ever fond behold
 Those graces void of art!
 Those chearful smiles that sweetly hold
 In willing chains my heart.

O come, my love! and bring anew,
 That gentle turn of mind;
 That gracefulness of air, in you,
 By Nature's hand design'd:
 That beauty, like the blushing rose,
 First lighted up this flame;
 Which, like the sun, for ever glows
 Within my breast the same!

Ye light coquets! ye airy things!
 How vain is all your art!
 How seldom it a lover brings!
 How rarely keeps a heart!
 O! gather from my Nelly's charms,
 That sweet, that graceful ease;
 That blushing modesty that warms;
 That native art to please.

Come then, my love! O come along!
 And feed me with thy charms!

Come,

Come, fair inspirer of my song,
 O fill my longing arms !
 A flame like mine can never die,
 While charms, so bright as thine,
 So heavenly fair, both please the eye,
 And fill the soul divine !

SONG XXI.

The words from Shakspeare.

COME live with me, and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove,
 That hills and vallies, dale and field,
 And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
 And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
 By shallow rivers, to whose falls,
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses,
 With a thousand fragrant posies,
 A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
 Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle ;

A gown made of the finest wool
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;

Slippers

Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

~~~~~

## SONG XX.

The Nymph's Reply.

*Sung by Miss Catley.*

**I**F that the world and love were young,  
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,  
These pretty pleasures might me move  
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,  
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,  
And Philomel becometh dumb,  
And all complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields  
To wayward winter reckoning yields:

A honey

A honey tongue, and heart of gall,  
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,  
Thy caps, thy kirtle, and thy posies,  
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,  
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,  
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs ;  
All those in me no means can move  
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,  
Had joys no date, nor age no need ?  
Then these delights my mind might move  
To live with thee, and be thy love.

=====

## S O N G   X X I I .

To attain a long Life.

**C**OME hear me, my boy, hast a mind to  
live long,

Take a dose of brisk claret, and part of a song ;  
A gen'rous heat good wine does impart,  
And time to good music is beat by the heart :  
Let each be content with his own proper store,  
And keep ourselves honest, though the world  
keeps us poor.

S O N G



## SONG XXIII.

Hearts of Oak.

COME, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory  
we steer,

To add something more to this wonderful year;  
To honour we call you, not press you like  
slaves,

For who are so free as the sons of the waves ?

Hearts of oak are our ships,

Hearts of oak are our men,

We always are ready,

Steady, boys, steady:

We'll fight, and we'll conquer again and  
again.

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay;  
They never meet us, but they wish us away:  
If they run, then we follow, and run them  
ashore,

For if they won't fight us, what can we do  
more?

They swear they'll invade us—these terrible  
foes,

They frighten our women, our children and  
beaus:

But

But should their flat bottoms in darkness get  
o'er,  
Still Britons they'll find to receive them on  
shore.

We'll still make them run, and we'll still  
make them sweat,  
In spite of the devil, and Brussels gazette :  
Then cheer up, my lads, with one voice let  
us sing,  
Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, and  
king.

POOR BOYS DEAR GOOD BOND BORN CREW GOOD COOL GOOD GOOD GOOD GOOD GOOD GOOD GOOD GOOD GOOD

### SONG XXIV.

Tune,—*Charles of Sweden.*

COME, jolly Bacchus, god of wine,  
Crown this night with pleasure :  
Let none at cares of life repine,  
To destroy our pleasure :  
Fill up the mighty sparkling bowl,  
'That ev'ry true and loyal soul  
May drink and sing without controul,  
To support our pleasure.

Thus, mighty Bacchus, shalt thou be  
Guardian to our pleasure,

That

That under thy protection we  
 May enjoy new pleasure.  
 And as the hours glide away,  
 We'll in thy name invoke their stay,  
 And sing thy praises that we may  
 Live and die with pleasure.

## SONG XXV.

See your Country righted.

COME ye lads who wish to shine  
 Bright in future story,  
 Haste to arms, and form the line  
 That leads to martial glory,  
 Charge the musquet, point the lance,  
 Brave the worst of dangers,  
 Tell the blustering sons of France,  
 That we to fear are strangers.

Britain, when the lion's rous'd,  
 And her flag is rearing,  
 Always finds her sons dispos'd,  
 To drub the foe that's daring.  
 Charge the musquet, &c.

Hearts of oak with speed advance,  
 Pour your naval thunder

On the trembling shores of France,  
And strike the world with wonder.  
Charge the musquet, &c.

Honour for the brave to share  
Is the noblest booty ;  
Guard your coasts, protect the fair,  
For that's a Briton's duty.  
Charge the musquet, &c.

What if Spain to take their parts,  
Form a base alliance,  
All unite, and English hearts  
May bid the world defiance.  
Charge the musquet, &c.

Beat the drum, the trumpet sound,  
Manly and united ;  
Danger face, maintain your ground,  
And see your country righted.  
Charge the musquet, &c.



S O N G XXVI.

COME gentle God of soft repose  
And lull my tortur'd soul to rest,  
In thy embraces me inclose,  
And let me once again be blest.

Come gentle slumbers, yet be kind,  
Nor let me ever sigh in vain,  
Relieve my care, and ease my mind.  
Restore my health, and banish pain.

For thee each night in vain I sigh,  
And daily I thy loss deplore,  
Thy friendly aid no more deny,  
Nor let me mourn thy absence more.

S O N G XXVII.

The Country Wedding.

COME haste to the wedding, ye friends  
and ye neighbours,  
The lovers their bliss can no longer delay :  
Forget all your sorrows, your cares. and your  
labours,  
And let ev'ry heart beat with rapture to-day.

G

D

Ye

Ye votaries all attend to my call,  
Come revel in pleasures that never can cloy;  
Come see rural felicity,  
Which love and innocence ever enjoy.  
Come see, &c.

Let envy, let pride, let hate and ambition,  
Still crowd to, and beat at the breast of the  
great ;  
To such wretched passions we give no admission,  
But leave them alone to the wise ones of state.  
We boast of no wealth but contentment and  
health,  
In mirth and in friendship our moments  
employ,  
Come see, &c.

With reason we taste of each heart stirring  
pleasure ;  
With reason we drink of the full-flowing  
bowl,  
Are jocund and gay, but all within measure,  
For fatal excess will enslave the free soul.  
Then come at our bidding to this happy  
wedding,  
No care shall obtrude here our bliss to annoy,  
Come see, &c.

S O N G



But why, in the midst of my blisses,  
Do you ask me how many I'd have?  
I am not to be stinted in pleasure,  
Then prithee, dear Chloe, be kind!  
For since I love thee beyond measure,  
To numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd.

Count the bees that on Hybla are playing,  
Count the flow'rs that enamel the fields,  
Count the flocks that on Tempe are straying,  
Or the grain that rich Sicily yields:  
Count how many stars are in heaven,  
Go number the sand on the shore,  
And when so many kisses you've given,  
I still shall be asking for more,

To heart full of love let me hold thee,  
A heart which, dear Chloe, is thine;  
In my heart I'd for ever enfold thee,  
And twist round thy neck like a vine.  
What joy can be greater than this is?  
My life on thy lips shall be spent:  
But the wretch who can number his kisses,  
Will always with few be content.

S O N G



S O N G XXX.

The Huntsman's Call.

**D**O you hear, brother sportsman, the  
 found of the horn,  
 And yet the sweet pleasure decline ;  
 For shame, rouse your senses, and, e'er it is  
 morn,  
 With me the sweet melody join :  
 Thro' the wood and the valley the traitor  
 we'll rally,  
 Nor quit him, till panting he lies ;  
 While hounds, in full cry, thro' hedges  
 shall fly,  
 And chase the swift hare till she dies.

Then saddle your steeds, to the meadows and  
 fields,  
 Both willing and joyous repair ;  
 No pastime in life sweeter happiness yields  
 Than chasing the fox or the hare.  
 For such comfort, my friend, on the sports-  
 man attend,  
 No pleasure like hunting is found,  
 For when it is o'er, as brisk as before,  
 Next morning we spurn up the ground.

## SONG XXXI.

Toby Fillpot.

**D**EAR Tom, this brown jug that now  
foams with mild ale,  
In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the  
vale,  
Was once Toby Fillpot, a thirsty old soul  
As e'er drank a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl;  
In boozing about 'twas his praise to excel,  
And among jolly toppers he bore off the bell.

It chanc'd that in dog-days he sat at his ease,  
In his flow'r-woven arbour, as gay as you  
please,  
With a friend and a pipe puffing sorrow away,  
And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,  
His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,  
And he died full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body, when long in the ground it had  
lain,  
And time into clay had resolv'd it again,  
A potter found out in its covert so laze,  
And with part of fat Toby he form'd this  
brown jug,

Now

Now sacred to friendship, to mirth, and mild  
ale,  
So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the vale.

~~~~~

S O N G XXXII.

ERE Phœbus shall peep on the fresh
budding flow'r,
Or blue bells are robb'd of their dew ;
Sleep on my Maria while I deck the bow'r,
To make it more worthy of you.

There roses and jess'mine each other shall
greet,
And mingle to copy thy hue ;
The lily, to match with thy bosom so sweet—
How faint its resemblance of you ?

With sweets of thy breath the hedge wi'let
shall vie,
But weakly, and pay it its due ;
The thorn shall be robb'd of the fleece for thine
eye,
Yet nature paints nothing like you.

The leaves of the sensitive plant must declare
The truth of my well-belov'd me,
D 4 Whose

Whose hands, if to touch it bold shepherds
should dare,
Would shrink from all others but me:

[illegible]

SONG XXXIII.

Anna's Urn.

ENcompas'd in an angel's frame,
 An angel's virtues lay;
 'Too soon did heav'n assert its claim,
 And call'd its own away.
 My Anna's worth, my Anna's charms,
 Can never more return:
 What then shall fill these widow'd arms,
 Ah me! my Anna's urn.

Can I forget that bliss refin'd,
Which, blest with her I knew?
Our hearts in sacred bonds entwin'd
Were bound by love too true.
The rural train which once were us'd
In festive dance to turn,
So pleas'd, when Anna they amus'd,
Now weeping deck her urn.

The soul escaping from its chain,
She clasp'd me to her breast,

To part with thee is all my pain,
 She cried, then sunk to rest.
 While mem'ry shall her seat retain,
 From beauteous Anna torn,
 My heart shall breath its ceaseless strain
 Of sorrow o'er her urn.

There with the earliest dawn, a dove
 Laments her murder'd mate ;
 There Philomela, lost to love,
 Tells the pale moon her fate.
 With yew and ivy round me spread,
 My Anna there I'll mourn ;
 For all my soul, now she is dead,
 Concentres in her urn.

SONG XXXIV.

In praise of Britain.

FAIREST Isle, all isles excelling,
 Seat of pleasure and of love,
 Venus here shall fix her dwelling,
 And forsake her Cyprian grove :
 Cupid from his fav'rite nation
 Care and envy shall remove ;
 Jealousy, that pois'nous passion,
 And despair that dies for love.

Gentle

Gentle murmurs, soft complaining,
Sighs that blow the fire of love ;
Soft repulses, kind disdaining,
Shall be all the pains you prove.
Every swain shall pay his duty ;
Graceful ev'ry nymph shall move ;
And as these excel in beauty,
Those shall be renown'd for love.

SONG XXXV.

The mighty bowl.

FILL me a bowl, a mighty bowl,
Large as my capacious soul;
Vast as my thirst is, let it have
Depth enough to be my grave:
I mean the grave of all my care,
For I design to bury't there.
Let it of silver fashion'd be,
Worthy of wine, worthy of me;
Worthy to adorn the spheres,
As that bright cup amongst the stars.

Fill me a bowl, E.

SONG

SONG XXXVI.

FLY swiftly, ye minutes, till Comus
 receive
 The nameless soft transports that beauty can
 give ;
 The bowl's frolic joys let him teach her to
 prove,
 And she, in return, yield the raptures of love.

Without love and wine wit and beauty are
 vain,
 Pow'r and grandeur insipid, and riches a pain;
 The most splendid palace grows dull as the
 grave ;
 Love and wine give, ye gods, or take back
 what ye gave.

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SONG XXXVII.

GAY Damon long study'd my heart to
 obtain,
 The prettiest young shepherd that pipes on
 the plain ;
 I'd hear his soft tale, then declare 'twas amiss,
 And I'd often say No, when I long'd to say—
 Yes.

Last

Last Valentine's day to our cottage he came
And brought me two lambkins to witness
flame ;

Oh ! take these, he cry'd, thou more than
their fleece :

I could hardly say No, tho' aham'd to say Yes. A

Soon after, one morning, we sat in the
grove,

He press'd my hand hard, and in sighs breath'd
his love ;

Then tenderly ask'd, if I'd grant him a kiss
I design'd to say No, but mistook and-
said Yes.

At this, with delight, his heart danc'd in
in his breast,

Ye gods, he cry'd, Chloe will now make me
blest :

Come, let's to the church, and share conjugal
bliss :

To prevent being teaz'd, I was forc'd to say
Yes.

I ne'er was so pleas'd with a word in my life;
I ne'er was so happy as since I'm a wife :

Then

Then take, ye young damsels, my counsel in
 this,
 You must all die old maids, if you will
 say Yes.

SONG XXXVIII.

A D U E T. Tune, *Guardian Angels.*

Damon.

GUARDIAN angels! hov'ring near me,
 Save a lover sick with care!
 Nor from fairest Myra tear me,
 Oh! 'twill heighten my despair!
 May I with her spend the day,
 In raptures pass my years away;
 And should I from these shades remove,
 Deign to waft along my love.

Myra.

Venus queen of love and beauty,
 Parent of soft am'rous pain,
 Little Cupid! do thy duty,
 Bind me to my tender swain.
 Reason I love must yield,
 Love victorious wins the field:
 Hence, ye sons of wealth away!
 I'll my shepherd lad obey.

Damon.

Damon.

Come, ye Cupids ! twine the myrtle,
 Bring along the sweets of May,
 Wreath a flow'r-enamour'd kirtle,
 For my Myra's wedding-day.

Both.

Innocence, and meek-ey'd Love,
 Peace,—inhabitant above,
 Joys harmonious descend,
 All our moments to attend.

D. C.

~~~~~

## SONG XXXIX.

*For two Voices.*

**H**OW hard is the fortune of all woman-kind ?

For ever subjected ; for ever confin'd.  
 Our parents controul us until we are wives.  
 And slaves to our husbands the rest of our  
 lives.

If only we love, yet we dare not reveal,  
 But secretly languish, compell'd to conceal:  
 Deny'd the true pleasures of life to enjoy,  
 We're sham'd if we're kind, and were blam'd  
 if we're coy.

SONG

## SONG XL-

## The Lover.

**H**OW happy a lover's life passes,  
 When beauty retains sigh for sigh!  
 He looks upon all men as asses,  
 Who have not some girl in their eye.

With heart full as light as a feather,  
 He trips to the terras or parks;  
 Where swains crowd impatient together,  
 And maidens look out for their sparks.

What sweet palpitation arises  
 When Nancy appears in full view!  
 Her smiles at more value he prizes  
 Than misers the mines of Peru.

Tho' swift-winged Time, as they're walking,  
 Soon parts them, alas! by his flight;  
 By reflection he still hears her talking,  
 And absent he keeps her in sight.

Whenever abroad he regales him,  
 And Bacchus calls out for his lass,  
 His love for his Nancy ne'er fails him,  
 Her name gives a zest to his glass.

No

No other amusement he prizes,  
 That those that from Nancy arise ;  
 She's first in his thoughts when he rises,  
 And last when he closes his eyes.

Then let not ambition distress us,  
 Or fortune's fantastical chace ;  
 Love only with Nancy can bless us,  
 And give all we want to embrace.

.....

# SONG XLI.

Tune,—*O the broom, &c.*

**H**OW happy were my days till now,  
 I ne'er did sorrow feel ;  
 I rold with joy to milk my cow,  
 Or take my spinning-wheel.

My heart was lighter than a fly,  
 Like any bird I sung,  
 Till he pretended love, and I  
 Believ'd his flatt'ring tongue.

Oh ! the fool, the silly, silly fool,  
 Who trusts what man may be !  
 I wish I was a maid again,  
 And in my own country.

SONG

OF CHOICE SONGS. 47

SONG XLII.

**H**OW glorious their virtue, who nobly  
contrive  
The means to keep freedom and friendship  
alive;  
Who, firmly united, in harmony sing.  
Whose hearts are true blue to their country  
and king!

CHORUS.

All Masons are such! hear the trumpet of  
Fame!  
Our Order is happy, and glorious the name.

Let poor thoughtless wretches repair to a  
club,  
Get liquor, get drunk, and perhaps get a drub;  
We ne'er let such fools our society join,  
For love and good-will crown each glass of our  
wine.

Your ne'er hear one Mason another defame!  
Our Order is happy, &c.

The rules we adhere to are loyal and right,  
A Mason's a patriot, to speak or to fight.

E

How

G

How blest were Great Britain, to combat her  
foes,  
If all knew as much as a Free Mason knows?  
To all social virtue we justly lay claim!  
Our Order is happy, &c.

The ladies confess, with a satisfy'd air,  
That none like a Mason is form'd for the fair:  
A whisper, a look, and some moments chit  
chat,  
Soon brings on agreement, and love, and all  
that.  
Each beauty's convinc'd that sincere is our  
flame,  
Our Order is happy, &c.

Old Time our Society's worth shall enrol,  
And Masons be honour'd from pole unto pole:  
Now raise up your voices, and cheerfully sing,  
Success to all Masons, and God save the King.  
As spotless as snow is our story in fame:  
Our Order is happy, and glorious the name!

SONG XLIII.

How imperfect is Expression.

**H**OW imperfect is expression  
 Some emotions to impart,  
 When we mean a soft confession,  
 And yet seem to hide the heart.  
 When our bosoms, all complying,  
 With delicious tumults swell  
 And beat—what broken, fault'ring dying,  
 Language wou'd, but cannot tell.

Deep confusion's rosy terror  
 Quite expressive paints my cheek  
 Ask no more, behold your error,  
 Blushes eloquently speak:  
 What tho' silent is my anguish?  
 Or breath'd only to the air;  
 Mark my eyes, and as they languish,  
 Read what yours have written there.

O that you could once conceive me,  
 Once my soul's strong feelings view;  
 Love has nought more fond, believe me,  
 Friendship nothing half so true.

From you, I am wild, despairing,  
 With you speechless as I touch,  
 This is all that bears declaring,  
 And perhaps declares too much.

## SONG XLIV.

**H**OW sweet is the woodland with fleet  
 hound and horn,  
 To waken sweet echo and taste the fresh morn;  
 But hard is the chace my fond heart must  
 pursue,  
 For Daphne, fair Daphne, is lost to my view.

Affist me, chaste Dian, the nymph to regain,  
 More wild than the roebuck, and wing'd with  
 disdain,  
 In pity o'ertake her who wounds as she flies,  
 Tho' Daphne's pursu'd, 'tis Myrtila that dies.

## SONG XLV.

The Married Man.

**I** Am married and happy, with wonder hear  
 this,  
 Ye rovers and rakes of the age;

Who



● F CHOICE SONGS. 53

Who laugh at the mention of conjugal bliss,  
And who only loose pleasures engage :  
You may laugh, but believe me you're all in  
the wrong,  
When you merrily marriage deride.  
For to marriage the permanent pleasures  
belong,  
In them we can only confide.

The joys which from lawless connections arise,  
Are fugitive—never sincere,  
Oft stolen with haste, and oft snatch'd by  
surprise,  
Interrupted by doubts and by fear ;—  
But those which in legal attachments we find,  
When the heart is with innocence pure,  
Is from ev'ry imbit'ring reflection refin'd,  
And while life can taste joy will endure.

The love which ye boast of deserves not that  
name,

True Love is with sentiment join'd ;  
But yours is a passion, a feverish flame,  
Rais'd without the consent of the mind :  
When dreading confinement ye mistresses hire,  
With this, and with that quickly cloy'd ;

Ye are led and misled by a flatt'ring false fire,  
And are oft by that fire destroy'd.

If you ask me from whence my felicity flows,  
My answer is short—from a wife ;  
Who for chearfulness, sense, and good-nature  
I chose,

These are beauties that charm us for life ;  
To make home the seat of perpetual delight,  
Ev'ry moment each studies to seize ;  
And we find ourselves happy from morning to  
night,

By our mutual endeavours to please.

~~~~~

S O N G XLVI.

Composed by Mrs. WRIGHTEN, and sung by her.

IN the days of my childhood, as sportive I
play'd

Among the young lasses around,
I was fond then of laughing, my grandmother
said,

None merrier ever was found ;
To fill up the moments with joy and delight,
I scarcely knew what I'd be at ;
Whatever was pleasing that came to my sight,
I could not help laughing at that.

Still

Still the humour prevails, tho' maturer I'm
grown,

I am happy to smile time away ;
The frolicks of fancy I still make my own,
And pleasantly spin out the day ;
When the dull, or the splenetic, censure or
chide

At my innocent freedom and prate,
I titter to hear their nonsensical pride,
For I cannot help laughing at that.

Young Collin declares for a husband I'm fit,
So he courts me from morning to night ;
On the charms of my person displays all
his wit,

And I own that it gives me delight ;
He talks of the parson, the church, and the
ring,

In praise too of conjugal chat,
That wedlock, indeed, is an excellent thing,
So I must not get laughing at that.

At length with his wishes, if I should comply,
As at present I seem to incline,
If but on his promises I may rely,
Not to check this good humour of mine,



A COLLECTION

To church with young Collin I'd soon trip,
away,
And answer all questions quite pat ;
When it comes to the critical word call'd
OBEY,
I shall scarcely keep laughing at that.

SEVERAL BOOKS OF THE SAME AUTHOR ARE NOW IN THE PRESS

SONG XLVII.

Labour in Vain.

Sung by Mrs. KENNEDY.

IN search of some lambs, from my flocks that
had stray'd,
One May morn, I roam'd o'er the plain ;
But, alas ! after all the enquiries I made,
I found it was Labour in Vain.

Then, vex'd and fatigu'd, I reclin'd on the
shade,

And sung how young Colin the swain,
My love to obtain with endearments essay'd,
But he sigh'd, and he sooth'd me in vain.

Ah me, silly fool, -(thus I chid my coy heart)
Who cou'd let him unpitied complain,
And

And suffer a bosom untainted with art,
To despair and to Labour in Vain.

From the copse full of rapture my Colin flew
light,

Where he lurk'd and had heard my fond
strain ;

Now, now (said he) Phœbe, my passion
requite,

And no more let me Labour in Vain.

A blush gave my hand and my heart to the
youth,

While he thank'd me again and again,
And now to deny a return to his truth,
Lackaday ! it were Labour in Vain.

~~~~~

S O N G XLVIII.

'Tis a pity indeed to be sure.

*Sung by Mr. ARROWSMITH.*

**I** TOLD a sweet damself a tender soft tale,  
Each eve as we sat in the shade,  
In hopes that in time my fond suit might  
prevail,

For she was a delicate maid.

play'd

I said that my love was so ardent and true,  
That nothing my passion could cure ;  
But she only answer'd, ah ! what will you do !  
'Tis a pity indeed to be sure.

I play'd on my pipe, and sung a soft song,  
The sentiments warm from my heart :  
She listen'd attentive, but then ere 'twas long,  
Declar'd it was time to depart.  
I press'd her white hand with a languishing  
smile,  
And said, pity the pangs I endure ;  
But no other answer cou'd gain all the while,  
Than, 'tis pity indeed to be sure.

At length little Cupid assisted my plan,  
To soften the nymph to my mind,  
My wishes to crown, and my heart more  
trepas,  
She soon became tender and kind ;  
To church the next day she consented to go,  
Suspense I no longer endure,  
For wedlock's the greatest delight we can  
know,  
'Tis charming indeed to be sure.

## SONG XLIX.

Shannon's flowery Banks.

*Sung by Mrs. KENNEDY.*

IN Summer, when the leaves were green,  
 and blossoms deck'd each tree,  
 Young Teddy then declar'd his love, his art-  
 less love to me :  
 On Shannon's flowery banks we sat, and there  
 he told his tale,  
 Oh, Patty, softest of thy sex, O let fond love  
 prevail !  
 Ah ! well-a-day ! you see me pine in sorrow  
 and despair,  
 Yet heed me not ;—then let me die, and end  
 my grief and care !  
 Ah ! no, dear youth, I softly said. such love  
 demands my thanks,  
 And here I vow eternal truth, on Shannon's  
 flow'ry banks.

And here we vow'd eternal truth, on Shannon's  
 flow'ry banks,  
 And then we gather'd sweetest flowers, and  
 play'd such artless pranks :  
 But, woe is me ! the press-gang came, and  
 forc'd my Ned away,

Just

Just when we nam'd next morning fair to be  
our wedding-day :—

My love, he cry'd, they forc'd me hence, but  
still my heart is thine,

All peace be your's, my gentle Pat, while  
war and toil be mine,

With riches I'll return to thee : I sobb'd out  
words of thanks,

And then he vow'd eternal truth on Shannon's  
flow'ry banks.

And then he vow'd eternal truth on Shannon's  
flow'ry banks,

And then I saw him sail away and join the  
hostile ranks :

From morn to eve, for twelve dull months,  
his absence sad I mourn'd,

The peace was made, the ship came back, but  
Teddy ne'er return'd ;

His beauteous face, his manly form, has won  
a nobler fair,

My Teddy's false, and I forlorn must die in  
sad despair.

Ye gentle maidens see me laid, while you  
stand round in ranks,

And plant a willow o'er my head, on Shannon's  
flow'ry banks.

SONG



SONG L.

The Rural Swain.

I'LL range around the shady bow'rs,  
And gather all the sweetest flow'rs,  
I'll search the garden and the grove,  
To make a garland for my Love.

When in the sultry heat of day  
My thirsty nymph doth panting lay,  
I'll hasten to some river's brink,  
Or drain the stream, that she may drink.

At night if she should weary prove.  
A grassy bed I'll make my Love ;  
And with green boughs I'll form a shade,  
That nothing may her rest invade.

And when dissolv'd in sleep she lies,  
Myself will never close these eyes ;  
But gazing still with fond delight,  
I'll watch my charmer all the night.

And then as soon as break of day  
Divides the darksome shades away,  
Forth to the forest I'll repair,  
To seek provision for my fair,

But

But should the nymph, whom thus I love,  
 To me e'er false or faithless prove ;  
 I'll hasten to some distant shore,  
 And never think of woman more.

SONG LII.

Kitty's Charms.

**K**ITTY's charms, when Jemmy view'd,  
 His honest heart he lost ;  
 His heaving breast then plainly shew'd  
 How he in love was cross'd.

He urg'd his suit to this fair maid,  
 And told how great his love :  
 ' Did I but know your heart, she said,  
 You might my favour prove.'

He swore that truth was in his tongue,  
 Where never dwelt deceit :  
 My dearest dear, then say how long  
 In anguish must I wait ?

She heav'd a sigh, which told him plain  
 His tale she could not believe ;  
 She said he mov'd not sue in vain—  
 No longer did he grieve.

The

Then to the church they did repair,  
 In sacred ties were bound,  
 Ye gods! can e'er so true a pair  
 In Hymen's train be found?

## SONG LIII.

Molly of the Mill.

*Sung by Mr. ARROWSMITH.*

LET Poets praise the flow'ry mead,  
 The moss clad hills, the dale;  
 The shepherd piping on his reed,  
 The maid with milking pail;  
 The lark who soars on pinnions high,  
 Or sweetly purling rill;  
 While I breathe forth a tender sigh,  
 For Molly of the Mill.

In vain, to sing her charms I try,  
 And all her beauties trace;  
 Such brilliancy informs her eye,  
 Such excellence her face,  
 Her easy shape, engaging air,  
 My breast with transports fill  
 No nymph so pleasing, or so fair,  
 As Molly of the Mill.

'Tis





So the poor despairing lover,  
When least hoping, oft prevails.

SONG LVII.

The Constant Tar.

**L**OVE, like the wind, is often changing,  
Like the sea it ebbs and flows;  
Let the youth whose heart is ranging,  
Fear the nymph whom most he knows.

But give me, Fate, one faithful pilot,  
To direct and guide my soul:  
Changing lovers then I'll smile at,  
She's my magnet, she's my pole.

SONG LVIII.

Love's the Tyrant of the Heart.

*A favourite Cantata.*

**L**OVE's the tyrant of the heart,  
Full of mischief, full of woe,  
All his joys are full of smart,  
Thorns beneath his roses grow.

## RECITATIVE.

Thus sung a poor forsaken maid,  
 By folly, not by love betray'd;  
 Ye fair, while virtue steels your breast,  
 Fond love can ne'er disturb your rest.

## AIR.

How sweet is love, when virtue's guide,  
 How tranquil is the mind,  
 As smooth as summer's peaceful tide,  
 As grateful and as kind.

The morning breaks serenely clear,  
 To welcome in the day,  
 The evening comes without a fear,  
 And love our toils repay.

## SONG LIX.

**M**Y dog and my mistress are both of a  
 kind,  
 As fickle as fancy, inconstant as wind;  
 My dog follows ev'ry strange heel in the  
 streets,  
 And my mistress is fond of each fellow she  
 meets,

Yet in spite of her arts I'll not make the least  
 strife,  
 But be cheary, and merry, and happy through  
 life.

Go Miss where she will, and whenever she  
 please,  
 Her conduct shall ne'er my philosophy tease;  
 Her freedom shall never embitter my glee,  
 One woman's the same as another to me;  
 So, in spite of her airs, I'll not make the least  
 strife,  
 But be cheary, &c.

I laugh at the wretches who stupidly pine,  
 For false-hearted gypsies, they title divine;  
 At the word of my love fits no physic I ask,  
 But that which is found in the bowl or the  
 flask;  
 For go things how they will, I'll not make  
 the least strife,  
 But be cheary, &c.

The girl that behaves with good humour  
 and sense,  
 Shall still to my heart have the warmest pre-  
 sence;

And



# OF CHOICE SONGS. 69

And for those that would jilt me, deceive, and  
betray,  
In honeſter bumpers I'll waſh them away.  
'Tis my final reſolve, not to make the leaſt  
ſtrife,  
But be cheary, &c.

## SONG LX.

H O P E. *A Paſtoral, by Shenſtone.*

*Set by Mr. Arne.*

**M**Y banks are all furniſh'd with bees,  
Whoſe murmur invites one to ſleep;  
My grottes are ſhaded with trees,  
And my hills are white over with ſheep:  
I ſeldom have met with a loſs,  
Such health do my fountains beſtow;  
My fountains all border'd with moſs,  
Where the hare bells and violets grow,  
Where the hare bells and violets grow.

I have found out a gift for my fair,  
I have found where the wood pigeons breed;  
But let me that plunder forbear;  
She'll ſay 'twas a barbarous deed;  
For he never could be true, ſhe averr'd,  
Who could rob a poor bird of its young:

I lov'd her the more when I heard  
Such tenderneſs fall from her tongue,  
Such tenderneſs, &c.

But where does my Phillida ſtray ?  
And where are her grots and her bow'rs ?  
Are the groves and the valleys as gay,  
And the ſhepherds as gentle as ours ?  
The groves may perhaps be as fair,  
And the face of the valleys as fine ;  
The ſwains may in manners compare,  
But their love is not equal to mine,  
But their love is not equal to mine.

~~~~~

S O N G L X I.

There are Women as artful as they.

Sung by Mrs. WRIGHTEN at Vauxhall.

MY pride is to hold all mankind in my
chain,
'The conqueſt I prize, tho' the ſlaves I diſdain,
I'll teaze them and vex them,
I'll plague and perplex them,
Since men try all arts our weak ſex to betray,
I'll ſhew them a woman as artful as they.

Young

Young Damon pursued me, and Strephon,
vain youth,
They meant to deceive, yet they boasted of
truth;
They kneel and they trembl'd,
I smil'd and dissembl'd;
I saw all their arts were but meant to betray,
And prov'd there were women as artful as they.

Then hear me, ye nymphs, and my counsel
believe,
Resist all their wiles, the deceivers deceive ;
Their chanting and whining,
Their sighing and pining,
Are all meant as baits our weak sex to betray ;
Then prove there are women as artful as they.

SONG LXII.

NO glory I cover, no riches I want,
Ambition is nothing to me ;
The one thing I beg of kind Heav'n to grant,
Is a mind independent and free.

With passions unrudd, untainted with pride,
By reason my life let me square :
The wants of my nature are cheaply supply'd,
And the rest are but folly and care.

72 A COLLECTION

The blessings which Providence freely has lent,
 I'll justly and gratefully prize ;
 With sweet meditation, and cheerful content,
 Shall make me both healthy and wise,

In the pleasure the great man's possessions
 display,
 Uncenvy'd I'll challenge my part,
 For ev'ry fair object my eyes can survey,
 Contributes to gladden my heart.

How vainly, thro' infinite trouble and strife,
 The many their labours employ !
 Since all that is truly delightful in life,
 Is what all, if they will, may enjoy.

SONG LXIII.

Cupid Triumphant.

NOW's the time for mirth and glee,
 Sing and love, and laugh with me ;
 Cupid is my theme of story,
 'Tis his godship's fame and glory,
 How all yield unto his law,

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

O'er the grave, and o'er the gay,
 Cupid takes his share of play :

He

He makes herce quit their glory,
He's the god most fam'd in story ;
Bending then into his law,

Ha, ha, ha ha, ha, ha.

S'y the urchin deals his darts,
Without pity piercing heart :
Cupid triumphs over passions,
Not regarding modes or fashions,
Firmly fix'd is Cupid's law.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

You may doubt these things are true ;
But they're facts 'twixt me and you :
Then ye men and maids be wary
How you meet before y u marry,
Cupid's will is solely law.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

SONG LXIV.

The Rose.

NO flow'r that blows is like this rose,
Or scatt'rs such perfume,
Upon my breast oh ! gently rest,
And ever ever bloom.

Dear

Dear pledge to prove a parent's love,
 A pleasing gift thou art,
 Come sweetest flow'r, and, from this hour,
 Live henceforth in my heart.

~~~~~

### SONG LXV.

*The LOVE WRANGLE. A PASTORAL  
 INTERLUDE.*

*Set by Mr. HOOK.*

RECITATIVE. — *Mr. ARROWSMITH.*

ONCE one a time, no matter when or  
 where,

A wrangling scene took place—it was not here.  
 'Three maidens fair arraign'd a luckless swain,  
 Who'd dar'd to court them all, and not in  
 vain?

But, ere too late, they found the traitor's  
 plan,

Thus met, they tried to shame the faithless  
 man,

And friendly Chorus thus his part began. }

FIRST CHORUS.

Come, stand round ye Swains, and ye Maidens  
 draw near ;

A shepherd's

OF CHOICE SONGS. 75

A shepherd's accus'd, and the witnesses here.

Here, here, here, here !

If guilty, condemn him, if innocent spare,  
The nymphs who are wrong, let them hither  
repair.

Here, here, here, here !

Begin then the charge, who have cause to  
complain.

Are the parties all ready ? Where, where is  
the swain ?

Here, here. here, here !

S O N G LXVI.

*Mrs. WEICHSELL.*

What soft pretty things, both by night and  
by day,

Was it not your fond custom to promise and  
say ?

You prest me,

Carest me ;

I hardly was able to answer you, nay.

But then you could go, and to others be kind,  
Try to bring other maidens as much to your  
mind ;

Carest

Carest them.

And prest them ;

I saw not your falshood, for love made me  
blind.

But now all my fondness is turn'd into hate,  
I will have my revenge, you shall feel 'tis  
from Kate :

I'll haunt ye,

To daunt ye :

May horns and suspicion thro' life be your  
fate !

# SONG LXVII.

*Mrs. WRIGHTEN.*

To court at one time, three young maids, ye  
bold elf !

How well you must think of that creature,  
yourself ?

One of us, I fancy, might very well do ;

You'll find me enough of all conscience, for  
you.

What would you have done if all three had  
comply'd ?

'The law says, one shepherd can have but one  
bride.



OF CHOICE SONGS. 77

If I had been rated one third of a wife,  
In my rage I had made you be try'd for your  
life.

If once we could do without love and the men,  
We should not be cozen'd again and again :  
But love is our errand, and swains speak their  
mind ;

If they were more sheepish, we might be too  
kind.

SONG LXVIII.

*Mrs. KENNEDY.*

When you kneel'd at my feet,  
And you kiss'd me so sweet,  
What was I to think or to do ?  
With joy and with pain,  
I saw my dear swain—  
Oh! I had not been in love but for you ?

Was it worth so much art,  
To win a poor heart,  
And leave its young owner to grieve ?  
Tho' a dupe to your charms,  
I am safe from your arms,  
And the tongue that was made to deceive.

Ge?

Get you gone, you soft lout,  
 For your tricks are found out ;  
 Be hooted for this off the plain ;  
 May the nymph ne'er be true,  
 Who is courted by you ;  
 May you love and be lov'd not again.

## SONG LXIX.

*Mr. ARROWSMITH.*

I'm not to be stinted in love,  
 Nor yet to be stinted in ladies ;  
 I thought I could bill like a dove ;  
 And courting my pleasure and trade is.

I lik'd one for the charms of her face ;  
 For wit and for wisdom another ;  
 The third, for a nameless soft grace ;  
 Then why is so mighty a pother ?

Put all these perfections in one ;  
 To one' only one, I'll be steady ;  
 But surely the swain you won't shun,  
 Who for three at a time could be ready ?

## QUARTETTO.

Oh ! spare me, and think of my youth !  
 You're a foe both to virtue and truth.

*I never*

I never have done so before,  
 You never shall do so once more.  
 'Twas love put it into my head,  
 We believe not a word you have said.  
 A mark should be set on the swain,  
 Left he cheat and deceive us again.

### LAST CHORUS.

Let sweet love be still the passion,  
 Let not falshood be the fashion !  
 One for one, is sure intended :  
 And the rule cannot be mended.  
 One's enough in any reason,  
 When dear Hymen is in season :  
 Love for Love will make us jolly ;  
 Love for three is crime and folly.

### SONG LXX.

#### The Wedding Day.

ONE night, as poor Colin lay musing on  
 bed,  
 With his heart full of love, and a vaporous  
 head,  
 To wing the dull hours, and his sorrows allay,  
 How sweetly he sung of his wedding day.  
 O what

O what would I give for a wedding day!  
 O what would I give for a wedding day!  
 Wealth and ambition I'd lose you away,  
 With all you can boast for a wedding day.

Should the Heavens bid me ask, and with  
 freedom implore,  
 One bliss for the anguish I suffer'd before,  
 For Jessy, dear Jessy, alone would I pray,  
 And grasp my whole wish on my wedding day.  
 Blest be the approach of my wedding day.  
 I'll hail my dear nymph on my wedding day;  
 Earth smiles more charming, and heaven  
 more gay,  
 And happiness dawns on my wedding day.

But Luna, who equally sov'reign presides,  
 O'er hearts of the ladies, and flow of the tides,  
 Unhappily changes—has changed her mind!  
 O Fate! could a wife prove e'er constant or  
 kind?

Why was I born to a wedding day!  
 Curst, ever curst be my wedding day.  
 Colin, poor Colin, has changed his lay,  
 And dates all his plagues from his wedding  
 day.

Bachelors

OF CHOICE SONGS. 81

Bachelors, be warn'd by the shepherd's distress,  
Be taught by your freedom to measure your  
bliss;

Nor fall to the witchcraft of beauty a prey,  
And blast all your hopes on a wedding day!

Horns are the gift of a wedding day!

Want and a scold crowns a wedding day!

Happy's the gallant has a wife while he may,

And prefers a stiff rope to a wedding day.

~~~~~

SONG LXXI.

The Parting Kiss.

ONE kind kiss before we part,
Drop a tear and bid adieu,
Tho' wa fever; my fond heart,
Till we meet, shall pant for you.

Yet, yet weep not for my love,
Let me kiss that falling tear,
Tho' my body must remove,
All my soul shall still be here.

All my soul and all my heart,
Ev'ry wish shall pant for you,
One kind kiss, then, ere we part,
Drop a tear and bid adieu.

G

SONG

SONG LXXII.

For three Voices,

PHILLIS, my fairest, how can you deny
me,

So constant a lover sure never came nigh thee;
Constant in love, ever faithful in duty,
Bewitch'd by thy charms, and enslav'd by thy
beauty;

Nay, such is thy power, I vow and declare,
'That I'm rais'd up to heaven, or sunk down
to despair.

~~~~~

## SONG LXXIII.

*For two Voices.*

**Q**UOTH Jack, on a time to Tom, I'll  
declare it,

I've a mind we should fuddle our noses with  
clare it,

Says Tom, it will do you more harm than you  
think,

Fie on you, says Jack, who can live without  
drink?

I'll ne'er bauk my wine, here's to thy repose.  
Tom pretends not to drink, pray look at his  
nose.

SONG

## SONG LXXII.

*Set by Mr. Boyce.*

**R**AIL no more, ye learned asses,  
 'Gainst the joys the bowl supplies;  
 Sound its depth, and fill your glasses,  
 Wisdom at the bottom lies:  
 Fill them higher still and higher,  
 Shallow draughts perplex the brain;  
 Sipping quenches all our fire,  
 Bumpers light it up again.

Draw the scene for wit and pleasure,  
 Enter Jollity and joy:  
 We for thinking have no leisure,  
 Manly mirth is our employ:  
 Since in life there's nothing certain,  
 We'll the present hour engage;  
 And when death shall drop the curtain,  
 With applause we'll quit the stage.

## SONG LXXV.

## The Disappointed Lover.

*From the POOR SOLDIER.*

SINCE Kathleene has prov'd so untrue,  
 ri tol,  
 Poor Darby, ah ! what can you do ? ri tol,  
 No longer I'll stay here a clown, tol,  
 But sell off and gallop to town, tol de,  
 I'll dress and strut with an air, tol de,  
 The barber shall twiggle my hair, tol.

In town I shall cut a great dash ;  
But how for to compass the cash——  
At gaming, perhaps I may win,  
With cards I can take the flats in,  
Or trundle false dice and they're nick'd,  
If found out, I shall only be kick'd.

But, first, for to get a great name,  
A duel shall 'stablish my fame;  
'To my man then a challenge I'll write,  
But first I'll be sure he won't fight,  
We'll swear not to part till we fall,  
Then shoot without powder—the devil a ball.



SONG LXXVI.

*Sung by Mrs. WEICHSELL.*

**S**OFTLY sound the martial trumpet,  
Now the din of war is o'er :  
Peace, fair Maid, prepare a banquet,  
Laurel'd heroes pant no more.

A calm retreat, where roses twine  
With mossy rose, and sweet woodbine,  
Shall recompence your toil and care ;—  
You've sheath'd the sword—now guard the  
fair.

SONG LXXVI.

WINTER.—*A Pastoral.*

**S**PRING, Autumn, and Summer are past,  
The winds begin bleakly to blow,  
And Winter comes forward in haste,  
All clad in his mantle of snow.  
The Zephyrs affrighted are fled,  
While he spreads it all over the green :  
The Genius of Nature seems dead,  
And sadness pervades ev'ry scene.

Ah ! where is the all-plastic pow'r,  
Whose vigour so lately appear'd,  
When the jessamine bloom'd in the bower,  
When the voice of the linnet was heard ?  
While the fragrance of roses fresh blown  
Was borne on the wings of the gale ;  
As the Spring in full radiance shone,  
And harmony breath'd thro' the vale.

Yonder thorn, which so horrid is seen,  
Then with blossoms all gem-like was crown'd,  
And the landscape was gay and serene,  
Which now looks so louring around.  
The streams now bound up by the frost,  
In beauteous meanders then roll'd ;  
And these clouds that by tempests are toss'd,  
Glitter'd gaily with purple and gold.

'Twas then with my Delia, sweet maid,  
To the woodlands and hamlets I rov'd,  
How pleasant the scenes where I stray'd,  
Alone with the maid that I lov'd.  
Scarce a mead or a vale but receiv'd  
Some mark of our amorous flame ;  
Scarce a tree o'er the streamlet that wav'd  
But was carv'd with my fair virgin's name.

But

But the season of pleasure is past,  
 Alas ! it will never return,  
 That bliss was too precious to last :  
 I have nothing to do but to mourn.  
 My Delia abandon'd the plain,  
 With the summer she quitted the shore,  
 The summer will glad us again ;  
 But her presence will cheer me no more.

Then farewell my pipe and my crook !  
 My sheep all neglected may stray,  
 Since pleasure my breath has forsook,  
 I can tend them no more the long day ;  
 But in deserts all shagged with thorns ;  
 Like some ghost, discontented I've rove,  
 Despairing, distracted, forlorn,  
 Complaining of DELIA and love.

SONG LXXVII.

Delia.

*Set by Dr. Arne.*

SOFT pleasing pains unknown before,  
 My beating bosom feels,  
 When I behold the peaceful bow'r  
 Where dearest Delia dwells.

G 4

There

There daily do I drive my flock,  
Ah happy, happy vale,  
There sigh and look, and while I look.  
My sighs increase the gale.

Sometimes at midnight do I stray,  
Beneath the inclement skies,  
And there my true devotion pay  
To Delia's sleep-seal'd eyes ;  
So pious pilgrims nightly roam,  
With tedious travel faint,  
To kiss alone the clay-cold tomb  
Of some lov'd favourite saint.

Oh tell, ye shades that hold my fair,  
And all my bliss contain,  
Ah, why shou'd ye those blessings share  
For which I sigh in vain :  
But let me not at fate repine,  
Or thus my griefs impart,  
She's not your tenant, she is mine.  
Her mansion is my heart.



SONG LXXVIII.

The Parting Lovers.

SINCE glory calls I must away,  
 Dear Nancy, why these tears?  
 Thy William's duty is to sway  
 His sword, and scorn all fears.

With gallant Rodney on the main,  
 We'll dare each hostile foe;  
 And firmly brave the worst of pain,  
 Nor fear no fatal blow.

What if a ball should end my cares,  
 Let not my love repine;  
 Believe the heart which scorn'd all fears,  
 Till death was only thine.

SONG LXXIX.

SMILE, Smile! Britannia, Smile!  
 Thy Genius comes again,  
 To guard thy fruitful Isle,  
 And thunder o'er the main:  
 Thy gallant Sons disdain their ease  
 To crown thee mistress of the seas.  
 Thy gallant Sons, &c.

The



When birds did sing and lambs did play,

And gild the meadows fair :

Young Jockey early in the morn

Arose and tript it o'er the lawn ;

His Sunday cloaths the youth put on,

For Jenny had vow'd away to run

With Jockey to the Fair.

For Jenny, &c.

The chearful parish bells had rung ;

With chearful steps he trudg'd along,

With flow'ry garlands round him hung,

Which Shepherds us'd to wear ;

He tap'd the window 'haile my dear ;'

Jenny impatient cry'd who's there ?

'Tis I my love, and no one near,

Step gently down, you've nought to fear,

With Jockey to the fair.

My dad and mammy's fast asleep,

My brother's up and with the sheep ;

And will you now your promise keep ?

Which I have heard you swear ?

And will you ever constant prove ?

I will, by all the pow'rs above,

And ne'er deceive my constant dove ;

Dispel these doubts and haile my love

With Jockey to the fair.

' Beho'd

' Behold the ring,' the shepherd cry'd,  
Will Jenny be my charming bride?  
Let Cupid be our happy guide,  
And Hymen meet us there.

Then Jockey did his vows renew,  
He would be constant, would be true;  
His word was pledg'd, away she flew,  
O'er cowslips tipt with balmy dew,  
With Jockey to the fair.

In raptures meet the joyful throng  
Of gay companions blithe and young,  
Each join the dance, each join the song  
To hail the happy pair.

In turns there's none so fond as they,  
They bless the kind propitious day,  
The smiling morn of blooming May,  
When lovely Jenny ran away  
With Jockey to the fair.

=====

# SONG LXXXI.

Roslin Castle.

**T**WAS in that season of the year,  
When all things gay and sweet appear,  
That Colin with the morning ray,  
Arose, and sung his rural lay ;



Of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung,  
 The hills and dales with Nanny rung,  
 While Roslin cattle heard the swain,  
 And eccho'd back the chearful strain.

Awake, sweet muse, the breathing spring,  
 With rapture warms, awake and sing;  
 Awake, and join the vocal throng,  
 And hail the morning with a song:  
 To Nanny raise the chearful lay,  
 O bid her haste and come away;  
 In sweetest smiles herself adorn,  
 And add new graces to the morn.

O hark, my love, on ev'ry spray  
 Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;  
 'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,  
 And love inspires the melting song:  
 Then let my ravish'd notes arise,  
 For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes,  
 And love my rising bosom warms,  
 And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love, thy Colin's lay,  
 With rapture calls, O come away;  
 Come, while the muse this wreath shall twine  
 Around that modest brow of thine.

O hither

O hither haste, and with thee bring  
That beauty, blooming like the spring,  
Those graces that divinely shine,  
And charm this ravish'd heart of mine.

## SONG LXXXII.

**Your Rhino rattle.**

*A favourite New Song in the Opera of*  
FONTAINEBLEAU.

THE British Lion is my sign,  
A roaring trade I drive on ;  
Right English usage, neat French wine,  
A Landlady may thrive on :  
At *Table de Hore*, to eat and drink,  
Let French and English mingle ;  
And while to me they bring the chink,  
Faith let the glasses jingle.

Your Rhino rattle, come  
Men and cattle, come  
All to Mrs. Casey :  
Of trouble and money,  
My jewel, my honey,  
I'll warrant I'll make you easy.

When

OF CHOICE SONGS. 97

Wag ditherum doodle, nagety, nagety, tragety  
rum,  
And goofetherum foodle, fidgety, fidgety,  
nigety, mum.

Dear Kathleene then why did you flout me,  
A lad that's so cosy and warm,  
Oh ! every thing's handsome about me,  
My cabin and snug little farm.  
Sing ditherum, &c.

What tho' I have scrap'd up no money,  
No duns at my chamber attend ;  
On sunday I ride on my poney,  
And still have a bit for a friend.  
Sing ditherum, &c.

The cock courts his hens all around me,  
The sparrow, the pigeon, and dove ;  
Oh ! how all this courting confounds me,  
When I look and think on my love.  
Sing ditherum, &c.

H

S O N G

When

## SONG LXXXV.

*From the Opera of FONTAINEBLEAU.**Sung by Mr. JOHNSTONE.*

**M**Y morning of life, ah, how tranquil  
how bright!

No care found a place in my breast;

My noon now is evening, and soon must be  
night,

A night without comfort or rest.

The flood how resplendent with clear azure  
skies!

Tho' tempting, too late, to his cost,

Beneath, for his heaven who wantonly tries,

In streams of false pleasure is lost.

## SONG LXXXVI.

*Sung by Mrs. BANNISTER.*

**O**H, lingering time, why with us stay  
When absent love we mourn!

And why so nimbly glide away

At our true love's return!

Ah, gentle time, the youth attend,

Whose absence here I mourn;

The

The chearful hours in pity send  
That bring my love's return.

I feel my heart with rapture beat ;  
No longer shall I mourn ;  
My lover soon with smiles I'll meet.  
And hail his dear return.

SONG LXXXVII.

*Sung by Miss WHEELER.*

SEARCH all the wide creation round,  
On earth, or air, or deep profound,  
To some great universal end,  
Power, sense, instinct, reason, tend ;  
'Tis love, sweet universal love !

Why Phœbus smile upon the morn ?  
Why lend a ray to Dian's horn ?  
Why flowers perfume the breath of spring ?  
Or why do birds on hawthorns sing ?  
'Tis love, sweet universal love !

With honour join'd, oh ! form'd to bless,  
Thy power let every heart confess ;  
If sense and reason but remove,  
The bandage from the eyes of love,  
Of love, sweet universal love !

## SONG LXXXVIII.

*Sung by Mr. EDWIN.*

**I**N London my life is a ring of delight,  
 In frolicks I keep up the day and the night;  
 I snooze at the Hummums till twelve, perhaps  
 later,

I rattle the bell, and I rear up the waiter:  
 Your honour, says he, and tips me a leg.  
 He brings me my tea, but I swallow an egg;  
 For tea in the morning's a flop I renounce,  
 So I down with a glass of right cherry bounce.

With swearing, tearing, ranting, jaunting,  
 flashing, smashing, smacking, cracking,  
 rumbling, tumbling;

Laughing, quaffing, smoaking, joaking, swag-  
 gering, staggering;

So thoughtless, so knowing, so green and so  
 mellow;

This, this, is the life of a frolicksome fellow.

My pha'ton I mount, and the plebs they all  
 stare,

I handle my reins, and my elbows I square;  
 My ponies so plump, and as white as a lilly,  
 Through Pall Mall I spank it, and up Picca-  
 dilly;

'Till



'Till losing a wheel, egad down I come smack,  
 So at Knightsbridge I throw myself into a hack;  
 At Tatterfall's sling a leg over my nag,  
 Thus visit for dinner, then dress in a bag.  
 With swearing, &c.

I roll round the Garden, and call at the Rose,  
 And then at both Playhouses pop in my nose;  
 I lounge in the lobby, laugh, swear, slide and  
 swagger,  
 Talk loud, take my money, and out again  
 stagger.

I meet at the Shakespeare a good natured soul,  
 Then down to our club at St. James's I roll;  
 The joys of the night are a thousand at play,  
 And thus at the finish begin the next day.  
 With swearing, &c.

## SONG LXXXIX.

*Sung by Mr. JOHNSTONS.*

**L**ET Fame sound the trumpet, and cry  
 "to the war!"

Let glory re-cho the strain;  
 The full tide of honour may flow from the scar,  
 And heroes may smile on their pain.

The treasures of Autumn let Bacchus display,  
 And stagger about with his bowl ;  
 On science, let Sol beam the lustre of day,  
 And wisdom give light to the soul.

Let India unfold her rich gems to the view,  
 Each virtue, each joy to improve ;  
 Oh, give me the friend that I know to be true,  
 And the fair that I tenderly love !

What's glory but pride ? a vain bubble is fame,  
 And riot the pleasure of wine ;  
 What's riches but trouble ? and title's a name,  
 But friendship and love are divine !

.....

# SONG XC.

## THE HERMIT.

BY DR. BEATIE.

**A**T the close of the day, when the hamlet  
 is still,  
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness  
 prove ;  
 When nought but the torrent is heard on the  
 hill,  
 And nought but the nightingale's song in  
 grove :

'Twas



'Twas then by the cave of a mountain reclin'd,  
 A hermit his nightly complaint thus began;  
 Though mournful his numbers, his soul was  
 resign'd,  
 He thought as a sage, tho' he felt as a man.

Ah! why thus abandon'd to darkness and woe?  
 Why thus lovely Philomel flows thy sad  
 strain,  
 For spring shall return and a lover bestow,  
 And thy bosom no trace of misfortune  
 retain?  
 Yet if pity inspire thee, Oh! cease not the lay,  
 Mourn, thou test complainer, can calls thee  
 to mourn;  
 Oh! soothe him whose pleasures like thine  
 pass away,  
 Full quickly they pass, but they never  
 return.

Now gliding remote on the verge of the sky,  
 The moon half extinguish'd her crescent  
 displays;  
 But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high  
 She shone, and the planets were lost in her  
 blaze;

Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness  
pursue

The path that conducts thee to splendor  
again ;

But man's faded glory no change shall renew,  
Ah fool ! to exult in a glory so vain.

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no  
more,

I mourn, but ye woodlands I mourn not for  
you ;

For morn'g is approaching your charms to restore,  
Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glit-  
tering with dew ;

Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn,  
Kind nature the embryo blossom will save ;  
But when shall spring visit the mouldering  
urn ?

Oh ! when shall it dawn on the night of the  
grave ?

~~~~~

SONG XCI.

YE gentle gales ! that fan the air,
And wanton in the flow'ry grove,
Go whisper to my absent fair,
My secret pains and endless love.

And

And in the sultry noon of day,
When she shall seek some cool retreat,
Throw spicy odours in her way,
And scatter roses at her feet.

And when she sees their beauty fade.
And all their Pride neglected lie ;
Let it instruct the lovely maid,
That sweets not gather'd timely die.

And when she lays her down to rest,
Let some auspicious vision shew
Who 'tis that loves Amelia best,
And what for her I undergo.

S O N G XCII.

Sung by Mr. BANNISTER.

TALK not of your dirty acres,
Arts plebeian sink the mind,
Tallow-chandlers, butchers, bakers,
Are to real glory blind.
In a tide of gold and guineas,
Like Pactolus' tho' you roll,
Trade got wealth, disease, and sin is
The yellow jaundice of the soul.

Let

Let not me possess a shilling
To make me rich, no riches give,
Fill my coffers, as you're filling
They shall empty like a sieve.
I, if money burns my pocket,
Perish in a glorious fire ;
You keep winking in the socket,
And in smoke and stink expire.

S O N G X C I I .

A Eacchanalian Song.

As sung by Mr. ARROWSMITH.

Set by Mr. Arne.

THEN here's to thee Tom, and here's to
thee Will,
Since we're met, let us sing and let's merrily
quaff;
The bottle and bowl shan't a moment stand
still,
Who knows when again we thus gayly may
laugh!
This day is our own, be the day without
sorrow,
For life, my brave boys, may be over to-
morrow.

What'er

Whate'er you intend, or to do, or to say,
 Make sure of the present, and all will go right;
 For he who has liv'd as he ought the whole day,
 May sleep with content on his pillow at night.
 Make sure of to-day, that the next may'nt be
 sorrow,

For life, my brave boys, may be over to-
 morrow.

Ye lovers who're young, and more so, who
 are old,

Neglect not a moment to make the fair kind;
 For love has got wings, and your girls may be
 cold,

If to-day you can't get them to be of your mind.
 If you lose but an hour, it may be to your
 sorrow,

Love and life my brave boys, may be over
 to-morrow.

Then trust not to morrow, to-morrow's not
 here,

To-day is the season for business or play;
 Who have not lost their time, can have no-
 thing to fear;

Who thinks of to-morrow is losing to-day.

Now

Now, now is our own, not of time let us
 borrow ;
 Let us live as if life should be over to morrow.

0000 0000 head 0000 0000 0000 0000 0000 0000 0000 0000 0000 0000 0000 0000 0000 0000 0000 0000 0000 0000

SONG XCIV.

A PASTORAL.—*Sung by Mrs. KENNEDY.*

WHAT virgin or shepherd, in valley or
 grove,
 Will envy my innocent lays ;
 The song of the heart, and the offspring of
 love,
 When sung in my Corydon's praise ?

O'er brook and o'er brake as he hies to the
 bower,
 How lightsome my shepherd can trip !
 And sure when of Love he describes the soft
 power,
 The honey-dew drops from his lip !

How sweet is the primrose, the violet how
 sweet !

And sweet is the eglantine breeze ;
 But Corydon's kiss, when by moon-light we
 meet,

To me is far sweeter than these.

I blush'd

I blush at his raptures, I hear all his vows,
 I sigh when I offer to speak ;
 And oh ! what delight my bosom o'erflows,
 When I feel the soft touch of his cheek.

Responsive and shrill be the note from the
 spray,

Let the pipe through the village resound ;
 Be smiles in each face. O ye shepherds, to-day,
 And ring the bells merrily round.

Your favours prepare, my companions, with
 speed,

Assist me my blushes to hide,
 A twelvemonth ago on this day I agreed
 To be my lov'd Corydon's bride.

SONG XCV.

A RONDEAU.

Sung by Mrs. WEICHSSELL.

EVERY year impairs life's treasure,
 Robs us of a charm and grace,
 Takes away a joy and pleasure,
 Steals some roses from the face.

'Tis our interest and our duty
 To arrest the hand of Time ;

Not

Not to lose a spring of beauty,
Not to wait beyond our prime.

Let us hearken then to reason,
Let's be happy while 'tis noon ;
Let us catch the summer season,
Winter else will come too soon.

=====

SONG XCVI.

Mind, Hussy, what you do !

Sung by Mrs. WRIGHTEN.

WHEN I was of a tender age,
And in my youthful prime ;
My mother oft wou'd, in a rage,
Cry, Girl, take care in time ;
For now you are so forward grown,
The men will you pursue ;
And all the day this was her tone,
Mind, Hussy, what you do !

Regardless of her fond advice,
I hasten'd o'er the plain,
Where I was courted in a trice
By each young sylvan swain ;
But, by the bye, I must declare,
I virtue had in view,

Altho'

Altho' my mother cry'd, Beware,
Mind, Hussey, what you do!

To Damon, gayest of the green,
I gave my youthful hand,
His blooming face, and comely mien,
I could not well withstand;
But strait to church we tript away,
With hearts both firm and true,
Ah! then my mother ceas'd to say—
Mind, Hussey, what you do!

Ye lasses all attend to me,
And hence this lesson learn,
When to your mind a man you see,
Ne'er look morose or stern;
But take him with a free good will,
Should he have love for you,
Altho' your mother's crying still,
Mind, Hussey, what you do!

SONG XCVII.

Give me my Heart back again.

Sung by Mrs. KENNEDY.

WHEN dewy morn on moon beams bright,
Invite our nymphs to sport and play;
To

To me their songs give no delight,
 Love tunes my sad and mournful lay ;
 And all the day long,
 I sing this sad song,
 Return to my arms my dear swain ;
 O love bring him here,
 To banish my care,
 Or—give me my heart back again.

SONG XCVIII.

In the Comedy of TWO TO ONE.

Sung by Miss GEORGE.

HOW happy the woman, whose charms
 Gains sweethearts stuck all of a row,
 That if one thou'd desert from her arms,
 She still has two strings to her bow.

Shou'd Thomas prove false, cou'd he rob
 My heart of its quiet! O no ;
 For if Thomas is gone, there is Bob,
 I still have two strings to my bow.

Then 'tis not so common a thing
 Can vex me, I'd have you to know,
 Since I have two beaux to my string,
 As well as two strings to my bow.

SONG

SONG XCIX.

The Charming Creature.

Sung by Mrs. WRIGHTEN.

AS t'other day in harmless chat,
With Sylvia I was walking,
Admiring this, admiring that,
Together sweetly talking;
Young Damon met us in the grove,
With joy in ev'ry feature;
He press'd my hand, then whisper'd love,
O! what a charming creature!

His passion oft times he express'd
In words so soft and kind;
I felt a something in my breast,
But doubts were in my mind.
I told him he with Del was seen,
And sure he came to meet her;
He vow'd I was his only queen,
O! what a charming creature!

To yonder church, then shall we go,
He press'd me to comply;
(How can the men thus tease me so)
I try'd from him to fly:

I

And

And will my Delia name the day,
 Let Damon kindly greet her ?
 Thus closely prest, what could I say
 To such a charming creature.

~~~~~

### SONG C.

It was a pity.

*Sung by Mrs. WRIGHTEN.*

**Y**OUNG Strephon, pride of yonder plain,  
 Long strove my fickle heart to gain,  
 With many an am'rous ditty ;  
 I, smiling, heard the love-sick swain  
 With sigh and song express his pain,  
 And told him 'twas a pity.

With hopes to please, last Whitsun fair,  
 He bought me ribbons for my hair,  
 With other presents pretty ;  
 Then, smiling, su'd the same I'd wear,  
 To ease his anxious heart from care :  
 I said, 'twould be a pity.

Next morning early, on the green,  
 With Kitty toying he was seen,  
 He call'd her fair and witty ;

I smil'd,

I smil'd, tho' fit to burst with spleen,  
To him kiss the little quean,  
And cry'd, it was a pity.

The cunning fwain the conflict ey'd,  
And kindly gazing, while I sigh'd,  
Forsook the hand of Kitty ;  
Then, smiling, begg'd I'd be his bride :  
I answer'd, yes, or sure he'd dy'd,  
And that had been a pity.

## SONG CI.

Advice to the Fair Sex.

*Sung by Mrs. KENNEDY.*

**Y**E beauties, or such as would beauties be  
    fam'd,  
Lay patches, and washes, and painting aside,  
Go burn all the glassess that ever were fram'd,  
The gewgaws of fashion, and knicknacks  
    of pride,  
A nostrum to cull from the toilet of reason,  
'Tis easy, 'tis cheap, and 'tis ever in season,  
When art has in vain her cosmetics applied.

Good nature, believe me, 's the smoothest of  
varnish,

Which ever bedimples the beautiful cheek ;  
No time nor no tint can its excellence tarnish,

It holds good so long, and it lies on so sleek.  
'Tis more than the blush of the rose in the  
morning.

The white of the lily is not so adorning,  
All accident proof, and all scrutiny scorning ;

'Tis ease to the witty, and wit to the weak.

'Tis surely the girdle that Venus was bound  
with,

The Graces, her handmaids, all proud put  
it on ;

'Tis surely the radiance Aurora is crown'd  
with,

Who, smiling, arises, and waits for the sun.  
Oh ! wear it, ye lasses, on ev'ry occasion,

'Tis the noblest reproof, 'tis the strongest  
persuasion,

'Twill keep, nay, 'twill almost retrieve re-  
putation !

And last, and look lovely, when beauty is  
gone.

SONG CII.

*Sung in the Mask of ALFRED.*

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,

Arose from out the azure main.

This was the charter, the charter of the land,  
And guardian angels sung the strain ;

Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves;  
Britons never will be slaves.

The nations, not so blest as thee,

Must in their turn to tyrants fall ;

Whilst thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great  
and free,

The dread and envy of them all.

Rule Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,

More dreadful from each foreign stroke,

As the loud blast that tears the skies,

Serves but to root thy native oak.

Rule Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame,

All their attempts to bend thee down,

Will but arouse, arouse thy gen'rous flame,  
And work their woe and thy renown.  
Rule Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,  
Thy cities shall with commerce shine,  
All thine shall be, shall be the subject main,  
And every shore it circles thine.  
Rule Britannia, &c.

The muses, still with freedom sound,  
Shall to thy happy coast repair ;  
Blest isle ! with beauties, with matchless  
beauties crown'd,  
And manly hearts to guard the Fair.  
Rule Britannia, &c.

## SONG CHIL.

*A Song in* DIANA.

WITH horns and with hounds I waken  
the day,  
And hie to the woodland walks away ;  
I tuck up my robe, and am buskin'd soon,  
And tie to my forehead a waxing moon :  
I course the fleet stag, unkennel the fox,  
And chase the wild goats o'er summits of rocks ;  
With



With shouting, and hooting, we pierce thro'  
 the sky,  
 And echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

## SONG CIV.

Tallyho.

**Y**E sportsmen draw near, and ye sports-  
 women too,

Who delight in the joys of the field,  
 Mankind, tho' they blame, are all eager as  
 you,

And no one the contest will yield ;  
 His Lordship, his Worship, his Honour, his  
 Grace,

A hunting continually go,  
 All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace,  
 With hark forward, huzza, tallyho.

The lawyer will rise with the first of the morn,  
 To hunt for a mortgage or deed ;

The huntsman gets up at the sound of the horn,  
 And rides to the commons full speed.

The patriot is thrown in pursuit of his game,  
 The poet too often lies low,

Who, mounted on Pegasus, flies after fame,  
 With hark forward, huzza, tallyho.

While fearless o'er hills and o'er woodlands  
we sweep,

Tho' prudes on our pastime may frown,  
How oft do they decency's bounds overleap,  
And the fences of virtue break down.

Thus public, or private, for pension, for place,  
For amusement, for passion, for show,  
All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace,  
With hark forward, huzza! tallyho.

=====

### SONG CV.

Bacchus and Mars.

*Sung by Mr. ARROWSMITH.*

*Set by Mr. ARNE.*

**A**S Bacchus and Mars once together were  
sitting,  
Discourting on subjects their godships befitting,  
Quoth Mars—"My friend Bacchus, I ne'er  
could divine

Why our favourite island produces no wine;  
For tell me what people on earth better merit  
'This excellent drink of the Gods to inherit?'

That the Britons deserve to have plenty of wine,  
Is true, (answer'd Bacchus) because they are  
thine;

And

And when they have wanted, I gladly would  
know,

Since I, my good friend, have dispens'd it  
below ?

For tho' the rich clusters their illc don't  
produce,

I always take care to supply them with juice.

Their neighbours in France, Spain, and  
Portugal, toil

To compensate this want, in the fam'd British  
soil ;

For you know that when Jove first created the  
ball,

Some defect he decreed in each country should  
fall ;

And who can discover aught wanting but this,  
For England to rival e'en Heav'n in bliss ?

Their women as beauteous we often behold,  
As if form'd with our clay in your mistress's  
mould ;

While their men so much valour display in the  
field,

That they make, like yourself, every enemy  
yield :

Then

Then what room for regret, tho' no grapes  
they can show,  
Since they always beat those in whose king-  
doms they grow?"

=====

# SONG CVI.

The Priest.

*From the POOR SOLDIER.*

**Y**OU know I'm your priest, and your con-  
science is mine,  
But if you grow wicked, it's not a good sign  
So leave off your raking, and marry a wife,  
And then, my dear Darby, you're settled for  
life.

Sing Ballina mone ora, &c.

A good wedding dinner for me.

The banns being publish'd, to chapel we go,  
The bride and the bridegroom with coats  
white as snow;

So modest her air, and so sheepish your look,  
You out with your ring, and I pull out my  
book.

Sing Ballina mone ora, &c.

And a jolly brisk wedding for me.

I thumb

thumb out the place, and I then read away,  
 She blushes at LOVE, and she whispers OBEY;  
 You take her dear hand to have and to hold,  
 That up my book——and I pocket your gold.

Sing Ballina mone ora, &c.

That snug little guinea for me.

The neighbours with joy to the bridegroom  
 and bride,

The pipers before us, we march side by side:

A plentiful dinner gives mirth to each face,

The piper plays up, and myself I say grace.

Sing Ballina mone ora, &c.

A good wedding dinner for me.

The joke now goes round, and the stocking is  
 thrown,

The curtains are drawn, and you're both left  
 alone;

It's then, my good boy, I believe you're at  
 home,

And hey! for a christ'ning at nine months to  
 come.

Sing Ballina mone ora, &c.

A good merry christ'ning for me.

## SONG CVII.

*From the POOR SOLDIER.*

**H**OW happy the Soldier who lives on his  
 pay,  
 And spends half a crown out of sixpence a day;  
 Yet fears neither justices, warrants or bums,  
 But pays all his debts with the roll of his  
 drums,

With a row de dow, row de dow, &c.  
 And he pays all his debts with the roll of  
 drums.

He cares not a marvedy how the world goes,  
 His king finds him quarters, and money and  
 cloaths :

He laughs at all sorrow, whenever it comes,  
 And rattles away with the roll of his drums.  
 With a row de dow, &c.

The drum is his glory, his joy and delight,  
 It leads him to pleasure as well as to fight.  
 No girl when she hears it, tho' ever so glum,  
 But packs up her taters, and follows the drum.  
 With a row de dow, &c.

SONG

## SONG CVIII.

## Cupid's Conquest.

**T**ELL me not of woman kind ;  
 Passion's foolish, love is blind,  
 Take your sonnets ;—take your lads ;  
 Let me charge the brimming glass.

Cupid with his childish dart,  
 Ne'er can pierce my manly heart ;  
 But the hours shall mirthful pass,  
 While I hold the brimming glass.

What is the skin so soft and sleek,  
 What the rosy dimpled cheek ?  
 These enchant you in your lads ;  
 Wine commends the sparkling glass.

Music's charms to some are dear ;  
 Pleas'd, harmonious sounds I hear ;  
 But more sweet the hours I pass,  
 When I hear the jingling glass.

Venus and the muses nine,  
 All must yield to sparkling wine ;  
 I should be a very ass ;  
 If for these I left my glass.

Thus

Thus spoke young Flavius in his pride ;  
Him the wanton God espy'd,  
And pierc'd his breast ere he could pass  
To fill again his sparkling glass.

Till vanquish'd, he confess'd at length,  
That Love surpass'd ev'n wine in strength.  
Then woo'd, and won the beauteous lass,  
And, for her sake neglects his glass.

S O N G    C I X.

THE PRESENT DAY.

WHILST amid bustling crowds and strife,  
Some dream the idle hours away;  
Why should not those who value life,  
Smile and enjoy the present day?

The hardy warrior toils for fame ;  
Yet crosses oft his hopes betray ;  
Ambition's ;—fardid av'rice claim,  
But wildly waste the present day.

The politician who extends  
His views the State itself to sway,  
His mind still to the future bends ;  
And oft forgets the present day.

The



The grave projector, who still dreams  
In airy plans his hours away ;  
While he pursues his fav'rite schemes,  
Unwisely flights the present day.

Through dissipation's lighter train  
Engage in wanton sports and play ;  
Amidst their pastimes idly vain,  
They only waste the present day.

While, wiser Aura, you employ  
The hours ; nor they your hopes betray,  
But, trusting true, substantial joy,  
You know to prize the present day.

And should you Love's soft pow'r confess,  
Which o'er the noblest minds bears sway,  
Still blessing, you might learn to bless,  
Smile, and enjoy the present day.

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SONG CX.

WHILST with village maids I stray,
Sweetly wears the joyous day ;
Chearful glows my artless breast,
Mild Content the constant guest.

SONG

SONG CXI.

A Drinking Song.

The Words by G. A. STEVENS.

TH^{O'} Wisdom will preach about joy, Sir,
Faith folly will practise as well ;
Men are simple, and life but a toy, Sir,
In toying it is we excel :
Is it worth our while
Through learning to toil,
Or trouble our heads how to think ?
Thought ne'er was design'd
To puzzle the mind :
So only let's mind who's to drink.

King Solomon, (I'm not profane, Sir,)
Was a wise, yet a whimsical elf,
He never thought any thing vain, Sir,
Till he was past pleasure himself :
He used to say,
There's a time for to play,
To labour, to love, and to think ;
Let those in their prime
Remember their time,
At present 'tis time we should drink.

A pox on reflection, be jolly,
 Dispassionate dulness despise ;
 Did you once know the pleasures of folly,
 You'd ne'er be so weak, to be wise :
 Let the trumpet of fame
 Those heroes proclaim
 Who never at cannon balls blink,
 By the busy in trade
 Be cent per cent made,
 'Tis cent per cent better to drink.

Come about with a bumper boys hearty,
 To our king and our country success ;
 To oblivion tois envy and party,
 May freedom our firesides bless :
 Here's a health to those
 Who face our foes,
 To those who dare speak as they think ;
 To such sort of men,
 Again and again,
 Again and again. boys, we'll drink.



SONG CXII.

Bacchanalian Joys defeated.

WHILE I'm at the tavern quaffing,
Well dispos'd for t'other quart;
Come's my wife to spoil my laughing,
Telling me 'tis time to part;
Words I knew were unavailing,
Yet I sternly answer'd, No!
'Till from motives more prevailing,
Sitting down she treads my toe.

Such kind tokens, to my thinking,
Most emphatically prove,
That the joys which flow from drinking,
Are averse to those of love:
Farewel friends, and 'tother bottle,
Since I can no longer stay;
Love, more learn'd than Aristotle,
Has to move me found the way.

SONG CXIII.

*From the favourite New Pantomime, called
The MAGIC CAVERN, or VIRTUE'S
TRIUMPH.*

Sung by Mr. DOYLE.

COME, listen ye lads, and ye lasses around,
To a stave or two, sung by Harry Hide-
bound ;

A tanner I am, of no humble degree,
And tanners all mankind I'll prove are like me.
Tol de rol, &c.

The lawver so great, with big wig and long
band,

His conscience, as bullock's hide, stoutly has
tann'd ;

Yet touch with a double fee wisely that part,
Twill stretch like a glove, it is tann'd with
such art.

Physicians, likewise, are all tanners by trade,
And fortunes by working on sheep-skins have
made ;

With Bark they keep tanning their patients
inside,

'Till shoe-maker Death bores a hole thro' the
hide.

To the Tan pit of Cupid fond lovers repair,
 And throw themselves in, thro' a fit of despair;
 But Hymen good natur'dly oft helps them out,
 And their hearts being tann'd, why they soon
 get about.

The foes of Old England don't tanning despise,
 And to season their hides well, I think they
 are wise;
 But in spite of the Devil, that tanner of sins,
 When Britons strike home, they shan't sleep
 in whole skins.

SONG CXIV.

Sung by a Cooper.

AS I hoop round my cask, my heart how it
 glows,
 With thoughts of the liquor that cask may
 inclose;
 I oftentimes with myself chang'd to a slave,
 That I might contribute good liquor to save;
 Whole years in old rum then I'd soak, but
 ne'er speak,
 Lest talking too much, I may open a leak;
 And while thus my inside well wetted remain,
 The cheek of my outside a tear shall not stain.

A Dutchman

A Dutchman is nought but a hoghead of gin,
In which he keeps tipling quite up to the chin;
A Frenchman is sparkling Champaign at the
best,

Which bubbles, and bounces, and froths up
like yeast;

But of all casks on earth wheresoever you seek,
Your staunch English ones will seldomest leak;
Each slave by the hoops of high honour made
fast,

And proof British spirit, 'twill hold to the last.

S O N G CXV.

Sung by Miss BRETT.

COME shew me your palm, my sweet lass,
And your fortune I'll tell,
Full as clear and as well,
As you see that sweet face in the glass.

A husband you'll have, I see, soon,
You'll meet him to day,
Such a man, lack-a day!

Wou'd make a wife leap over the moon.

Of children you'll have a round dozen,
Nay, I see it as plain,
As this pretty blue vein,
I don't, by my virgin-hood, cozen.

As sure as Old Norwood, I'm nam'd,
A great Queen you'll be,
And by ev'ry degree
Like Old England, be lov'd and far fam'd.

SONG CXVI.

Sung by Mr. DAVIES.

THE noble mind for fame will dare,
By sea or land to die ;
When billows wage the wintry war,
And thunders rend the sky.

Around the crimson fields of death,
The hero flies for fame ;
When trumpets blow their martial breath,
And drums the charge proclaim.

The God of Love on Fame awaits,
With myrtle garlands bound ;
Who would not brave the worst of fates,
To hear his lute's soft sound ?

Fame in angel's form appears,
Upon a steep most high ;
Her vot'ries pass the vale of years,
But after never die.

CHORUS.

SONG CXVII.

A Favourite Laughing Song.

SMART Doll of the green, who lov'd mirth
as her life,
By many a swain was requested to wife ;
Her figure was graceful, and comely her face,
Yet in her affections no man had ta'en place :
The 'Squire of the Vill took it into his head,
That he by great proffers cou'd win her to bed ;
But all his fine artifice Dolly thro' saw,
And bauik'd the poor 'Squire with a hearty
ha ! ha !

Next Hodge of the vale all his flame did impart,
Who knew nothing more than a plough or a cart ;
With awkward address, he made a strange fuss,
'Turn'd his hat o'er his thumb, and begg'd for a buss :
The lout fetch a sigh, and cry'd, 'deed Doll,
'tis true ;
Ise love thee most woundly, i' faith girl I do :
But she slap'd his fool's chaps, and bid him withdraw,
So she sent him away while she loud laugh'd
ha! ha! The

The next was a fellow so fine and so spruce,
Who caper'd and sung, 'mong the girls play'd
the deuce;

And poor Dolly thought for to serve as the rest,
But she was too sharp, and of him made a jest:
Quoth Doll I'll ne'er wed till I meet with a
man,

Much less let a sop my affections trapan;
And said such a thing she before never saw,
But hop'd he'd excuse it, and laugh'd out
ha! ha!

With the Ladies I know 'tis a primitive rule,
—Much better be plagu'd with a knave than a
fool;

And others again this opinion impart,
Their eyes they will please, if they torture
their heart:

From these I dissent, but approve of the plan
That Dolly laid down, till you meet with
your man:

Then your hands and your hearts may unite,
without law,

And your conjugal state be one scene of ha! ha!
ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

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